



DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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THE DERVISH AND THE GOLDSMITH, OR, THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF RICHES.

An Eastern Tale.

There lived at Baghdad, in the reign of the Khalif Al Hapi, (on whom be peace!) a certain goldsmith, named Abu Yusuf, who devoted the fruits of all his labors to the poor, and reserved to himself only what was necessary to maintain life, according to that which is written in the Book, 'Eat, but be not profuse, for the profuse God loveth not;' and also, 'Unto such of you as give alms, shall be a great reward;' and again, in the chapter entitled *al Maun*, it is said, 'Wo be unto those that deny necessities to the needy!' Wherefore the goldsmith aforesaid, night and day, and morning and evening, gave the sweat of his brow to the poor, and his name was known in the city for the good works of his hands. And a Dervish, whose name was Ibu Meman, (may Allah mend his condition!) heard of the goldsmith, and went one evening to his house. The court was filled with the poor of the city, and, seated around it, they awaited in silence the coming forth of the bestower of bread. The Dervish sat down amongst them, and spoke kindly to them of the charitable goldsmith, and all the poor blessed his name and gave him praise.

During all this time the goldsmith worked at his forge, and the sweat of his brow flowed for the needy. When he had finished the labor of the day, he came forth and distributed his alms; to each he gave bread and meat, and a small piece of money; and seeing the Dervish, he said, 'Holy man, art thou on a pilgrimage? If it be so, doubtless thou hast need of a morsel, and some repose; come, enter into my house and bless it; and I will wash thy feet, and praise God, who hath surely sent thee hither, that I may do a good work this day.'

And the Dervish entered, and he did eat bread and drink water, and his soul was refreshed; and he spoke to his host, and said—'Surely thy wealth is great, that thou dost daily entertain the poor, and fillest the hun-

'Brother,' said the goldsmith, 'I have none other wealth than the labor of my own hands: but I am known to be honest, therefore I have much commerce, and I am thus enabled to succor many of the needy. But it grieves me sometimes, when the poor are so numerous that I cannot give to all. Oh! that I possessed the wealth of the Khalif, the mercy of God be upon him; and then no one in Baghdad should hunger or thirst. Holy man, thou who art beloved of Allah, pray that I may become rich, that I may aid all who are in tribulation.'

The Dervish promised his intercession, and retired; and, the next morning, after performing both kinds of purification, he prostrated himself in the dust and prayed all day; but Allah answered him not. The next day he again bowed towards Mecca, and remained on his knees, fasting, until eventide; but notwithstanding his tears and groans, Allah hid his face from his cry. All night the Dervish prayed and wept, and the morning saw him wearied with watching and supplication; but, towards noon, fatigue and the heat of the sun overcame him, and he fell into a deep slumber, and the horror of a thick darkness came upon him. And he dreamed, and he saw in his dream the angel Gabriel descending with the noise of many waters, and he had an hundred wings, glorious as precious stones. And Gabriel said—'Fellow servant tempt not God, nor seek what he denies. Why wouldst thou that the goldsmith should be rich? It is known to us, who contemplate the face of Allah, that if he were wealthy he would do evil; and wilt thou after this give thy soul a hostage for his soul? But remember, if thou be surety for him, thou thyself shall be burnt for him in hell fire.'

The Dervish, however, had so high an opinion of the holiness of his friend, that he even distrusted the saying of an angel; and he said, 'It is written in the second Sura, 'Let pledges be taken,' wherefore I will give my soul as a hostage for the soul of my brother, that he may become rich, and feed the poor out of his abundance.'

Hereon the Dervish awoke, but Gabriel had vanished; nevertheless he rejoiced in his heart that he had obtained of Heaven for Abu Yusuf that which his soul desired.

That very morning when the goldsmith opened his shop, and prepared to work at his forge, he was amazed to see piled upon the floor fifty ingots of the very purest gold. At that moment Eblis tempted him, and he said to himself, 'why should I labor longer?—Doubtless mine alms have gone up to the seventh heaven, and Allah hath sent me this gold as a recompence. But I may not remain any longer in Baghdad; my sudden good fortune would make me enemies, and I should be forced to divide it all between the Cazeer, and the poor. I will go to Cairo, and there I will live in peace and luxury.'

That very night Abu Yusuf, having shut up his shop, joined a caravan proceeding to Cairo, where he arrived safely with all his wealth. The Sultan was a tributary to the Khalif Al Hapi; and, on hearing of Abu Yusuf's arrival, and beheld the splendor of his house and equipages, summoned him to the palace. Abu Yusuf had many talents, and was an excellent musician and poet; but at Baghdad he wrote not verses, because the prophet hath said, in the twenty-sixth Sura, that 'poets are amongst those on whom the devils descend;' nevertheless, as he was now in the hands of satan, he sung and played, and became as Mejun in the presence of Abdallah Ibu Salam. The Sultan was so much delighted with him, that he assigned him an apartment in his palace; and the chief minister dying soon after, Abu Yusuf was appointed vizer. Henceforth he became so puffed up with vanity, that no one dared to approach him but in the attitude of the humblest supplication; he caused his pedigree to be derived from the Patriarch Joseph, and declared himself allied to the family of the prophet, on whom be benedictions! He renounced prayers, reading the Koran, and the purifications; and instead of giving alms any longer to the poor, he used to assemble them in his court yard, and, from a window where he sat drinking the forbidden liquor, amused himself with mocking the blind, and commanding the lame to walk.

In the mean time the Dervish, though he heard no longer of the alms of Abu Yusuf, was so persuaded of the good fruits that were to spring from his riches, that when he went into the city, he expected to find that there was

not a single poor man left. He was therefore dismayed to find the streets even more crowded with beggars than they were wont to be; but he thought this must be the consequence of some sudden scarcity, and he proceeded to the house of Abu Yusuf, sure to find him at his gate, drying the tears of the orphan, 'and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy.'

He found the doors shut, and saw the court where so many poor used to sit, overgrown with grass; and on inquiring of a tailor near, he was told of Abu Yusuf's flight; and that he was rumored to be at Cairo, where he governed the kingdom. At these words, he wept bitterly, plucked his beard, and threw dust upon his head, for he remembered, that he had rashly become surety for Abu Yusuf before God, and that he must answer for him at the price of his own soul. Nevertheless, he determined to proceed to Cairo to see the vizer, and tell him the peril in which his own spirit stood for his sake; and this, he imagined, would at once bring Abu Yusuf back to his senses and his religion.

Ibu Teman arrived at Cairo, and made inquiries regarding the character of the new vizer. All joined in representing him as a pitiless, proud, and most avaricious man; but they said he might easily be seen, and even spoken to daily, when he left his house to proceed to the palace. The Dervish waited at his gate next morning till Abu Yusuf came forth, attended by a hundred guards, armed with battle axes of silver, and a crowd of domestic officers in glittering apparel. As the vizer passed by, shining in jewelled cloth of gold, the Dervish cried with a loud voice, 'Light of the understanding of the age, have pity on the poor!' Abu Yusuf knew the Dervish at once; but instead of recognizing him, he cried to his officers, 'Know ye not what is the portion of the insane?' And the officers, raised their staves, and beat the holy man, until he retired from the palace. Notwithstanding he was not yet discouraged; and, during a month, he went every day to his palace; and besought the vizer as before; and every day was he beaten as at first, till at last he resolved to return to his place near Baghdad, and leave the fate of his soul to the everlasting mercy of God.

Scarcely had he reached his abode, where he arrived at evening, when in the midst of his prayer, he was caught up, soul and body, into the seventh heaven, and prostrated before the throne of Allah. And the brightness was so exceedingly great that Ibu Teman could see nothing, but he felt delicious odors spring from the floor of Musk, and the rivers of paradise were flowing like music in his ears. He also caught the odoriferous breath of the Tuba tree of happiness, which stands in the midst of the Jannat Al Naim, and he heard the ravishing voice of Israfil, the most melodious of all God's creatures, and the songs of the daughters of paradise, whose hymns were harmonized by the silver bells hanging from the gold and emerald branches, as they swung in fragrant wind that blows forever from the throne of God.

Then many thunders uttered their voices, and a murky cloud surrounded the throne like

a dark pavilion; and the Dervish, when the intolerable splendor was veiled, could distinguish around myriads of angels and archangels; and far distant, on the flowery confines of heaven, he could see mighty hosts of flaming genii, who had believed in the Koran, and were the guards of heaven, and he could hear the tread of their innumerable legions. But he was not permitted long to contemplate the awful magnificence of the place, for a voice like the last trumpet came forth from the darkness, tremendous in its very harmony, which said, 'Lo! here is he who demanded of me riches for the abuse of wealth, and hath caused Paradise to lose a soul; let him be punished, and that suddenly!' In a moment he was surrounded by an enormous chain, a hundred fathoms in length; and two genii, with massy clubs of steel, beat him on the head till his brains were dashed on the pavement; yet marvellous to tell, he could still speak and think as before.

As he wondered at these things, a host of glorious angels rushed by, singing praises to the Prince of Prophets, and he knew that they were bearing his emerald throne. 'O Prophet,' cried he, 'thou whom I have served faithfully for fifty years, desert me not.' And the prophet went before the cloud, and besought Allah to pardon the Dervish, according as it is written in the 110th Sura, 'Celebrate the praise of the Lord, and ask pardon of him; for he is inclined to forgive.' And Allah granted mercy unto the Dervish; but it was on condition either that Abu Yusuf should be degraded from his rank, stripped of his wealth, and reduced to his former state of poverty; or that riches should be left him, the Dervish engaging for his future pious use of them. But the Dervish had seen too much cause to distrust his own judgement to permit the goldsmith to continue wealthy; and though he lamented the fall of his friend, he besought his degradation, with virtue, rather than rank and riches with destruction.

In a moment he stood in Baghdad, and saw entering in one of the gates a man in rags, weary, and bearing the marks of severe stripes. The Dervish recognized Abu Yusuf, and meeting him with salutation, gave him his blessing. Abu Yusuf melted into tears of repentance and gratitude, and told the Dervish the story of his misfortune. In the very hour in which Ibu Teman made his request, the favorite Sultanna had formed a party, which accused Abu Yusuf of embezzlement and bribery, he was instantly imprisoned, stripped of all his wealth, beaten, and finally banished from Cairo, mounted ignominiously upon an ass, with his face to the tail. Hungry and athirst, he had arrived in Baghdad, and having been relieved by a charitable Moslem, he resolved to re-open his shop, and live once more by the sweat of his forehead, and perform Alms. He returned to his forge; God sent a blessing on his labors, and the poor were again succored by the bestower of bread.

It is asserted that a change in the climate of India is going on, made apparent by the increasing length of twilights, and the striking distinctness with which they are marked.

THE TRAVELLER.

Extracts from a Manuscript Journal of a trip to Paris, in 1831.

An almost broken hearted wife and mother who had successively lost her husband and three sons for "glory," was surprised by the return of her fourth and only remaining child, who had been included in the conscription some months before. The fatigues of the campaign had impaired his strength, and he was evidently fast declining in a consumption; yet from the moment she saw him, his mother seemed to have banished sorrow and regret, and manifested a cheerfulness unknown to her for years. The invalid sunk rapidly, still the mother was happy; her buoyancy of spirits almost amounted to gaiety; and her friends marvelled at a change, apparently so unnatural, and certainly so unexpected. They could not comprehend why the approaching death of the last object of her solicitude and love, should have any other effect than to deepen the gloom that had so long enveloped her; "there is something more than nature in this," thought they, "if philosophy could find it out." The son died, at length; and his mother's face was the least sad among those that followed him to the tomb! A near relative, thunderstruck at this seeming heartlessness, inquired how she could possibly feel this irreparable loss, this climax of woe, so lightly? Her reply, softly and sweetly as it was breathed, might have touched the iron heart of Napoleon, amid the fiercest thunders of his artillery. "My husband and my three elder boys were torn from me, one by one; and one by one they died, I know not when, I know not where, I know not how, I know not why! But Eugene came back to me: his dying pillow was his mother's breast; I know where he sleeps; I can strew flowers upon his grave!"

The following anecdote, which is on a different key, illustrates a point of French character often commented on and well understood. The day after the last revolution, a gentleman stepped into his barber's shop, and perceived that a bust of Charles X. had given place to one of Bonaparte.

"So!" said he, "you have brought up Napoleon again, eh?"

"Ah, sir!" replied the knight of the razor, "there was a man for you! he was a god, sir!"

"Ay? but what do you think of his making war upon the poor Egyptians?"

"Ah, that was a glorious expedition! Recollect, sir, 'the battle of the Pyramids!' he was a god, sir!"

"But what do you say to his persecution of Prussia?"

"Ah, that was more glorious yet! Remember Austerlitz, sir! Look at 'the column of the Grand Army.' He was a god, sir!"

"Well, but what do you think of the treatment of Charles and Ferdinand, together with his desolating wars in the Peninsula?"

"Ah, that was the most glorious of all!—Those Spaniards, sir, were poor miserable devils till 'the Emperor' killed their priests. Nothing escaped him, sir! He looked out for

the liberties of all Europe. He was a god, sir; yes! he was more than a God!"

"But, my good fellow, do you justify his treatment of Josephine?"

"Ah, *ma foi!* that's true! that's true! that's very true! He was a d— rascal!"

N. Y. Mirror.

Mr. Ferguson, an English traveller in this country, sometime since published a pamphlet, from which we take the following extracts.

LANDING AT NEW YORK.

The Americans keep a sharp look out for news from Europe, and more than one newspaper has a fast sailing cutter constantly cruising off Sandy Hook, to intercept the packets or other vessels. We were boarded about sixteen miles off land, by one of those *quid nuncs*, and, having given him our journals, we had the satisfaction of finding that, tedious as our voyage had been, we had beat the New York, a packet which had sailed four days before us, and also the Thomas Dickason, a *crack* ship which left the Mersey along with ourselves.

The scenery of the American coast is rather tame at this point; but the bay of New York, after passing the forts, is magnificent, and the approach to the city very fine. We got ashore about three o'clock, and were conveyed in a particularly clean and neat hackney-coach, to the Mansion-house hotel in Broadway, kept by Mr. Bunker.

I was struck with the superior character of the hackney horses to those of our cities, and I may add also those in cars and wagons.—They were all in excellent plight, and the latter, if not equal in size to those in English drays, infinitely surpassed them in action.—The hackney-coach fares in New York are high, and are, moreover, annoying to strangers from the practice of paying for each passenger, when exceeding one, and also for luggage. New York is well provided with hotels of every degree. Our accommodation at Bunker's was excellent. The house is extensive, though not so much so as the City-hotel, where two hundred beds are made up; and the style of living appears to me sufficiently convenient and agreeable. Besides occasional guests you meet with a certain number of permanent boarders, sometimes whole families remaining for weeks together, with whom strangers enjoy the utmost facility of forming an acquaintance; and as it frequently happens that some of the inmates are members of Congress, or of the State Legislatures, and that most of them are men of superior information, an opportunity is offered of acquiring knowledge regarding the institutions and habits of the people, highly to be prized.

The Americans appeared to me perfectly accessible, and quite ready to give counsel or assistance to all who were disposed frankly and cordially to accost them. Before I was two days in the hotel, I could reckon several very kind friends, acquired entirely in the ordinary intercourse of the day, without any formal introduction, and was not only furnished with routes for my future guidance, but received kind and pressing invitations to visit various individuals in the course of my tour.

The public rooms in the hotels consist of one or more well furnished drawing-rooms, where you receive visitors, assemble before meals, or spend the evening with music, &c. Single gentlemen, unacquainted or unconnected with any lady of the party, appeared to me hardly expected to join the drawing-room circle, although there is no exclusion, nor any difficulty, when one is so inclined, in finding admission.

The drawing-room is, of course large, commonly two apartments thrown into one, and capable of being enlarged or contracted at pleasure. In Bunker's, I admired an ingenious communication with the kitchen, by means of a stair concealed under a large sideboard, from one end of which the good humored shining phiz of a black waiter was ever and anon emerged with some savory dish. The bar-room and open gallery or verandah are the only scenes of smoking to be met with in respectable hotels. A book is kept in the bar, where arrivals and departures are regularly recorded, and which frequently enables friends to trace each other with much convenience.

The hotels are well fitted up, the bed-rooms not very large, but clean and comfortable, and in Bunker's we found excellent warm baths. Our board was two dollars, or nine shillings per day, for which we have breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, with a bed-room. Our fare was excellent. At breakfast, fish and fowl, steaks, sausages, omelets, &c. &c. are kept in constant requisition, and ample justice is done to them with a dispatch somewhat startling to a stranger. At this time *shad* reigned supreme at our breakfast, as *striped bass* did at our dinner table, both uncommonly delicate varieties of fish.

BROADWAY.

The celebrated Broadway somewhat disappointed me. Its length is certainly very great, and handsome public buildings, private mansions, hotels, and well furnished shops and stores, are curiously intermixed; while its whole length and breadth are alive with carriages and wagons, equestrians and pedestrians of every rank and almost every hue. Still it did not equal the expectations which I had been led to form.

NEW YORK SOCIETY.

I could say much, were it proper, of the hospitality of New York, and of the unostentatious kindness with which my letters of introduction were received. The style of living is elegant and comfortable, and the domestic circles which I had the pleasure of joining seemed truly unaffected and happy. The quiet, modest, and amiable tone of female society particularly pleased me.

GRANT THORNBURN.

I frequently visited the seed store of Mr. Thornburn, a person of some celebrity, and of great originality, being as he informed me at our first interview, the "very identical Lawrie Todd," and that so far as that entertaining work goes, Mr. Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures. Besides other sources of enjoyment, Mr. Thornburn is distinguished for a lively and unfailing reliance upon a special over-ruling Providence, not a blind fatalism, but a conviction that, in all the crosses

of life, a blessing will be found by those who faithfully seek it. He detailed many singular illustrations of this doctrine in his own history, and altogether gratified me much by his acquaintance. His original profession was that of a nail-maker, at Dalkeith, and by that alone he looked for a livelihood in the new world. Soon after his arrival, however, this handicraft was annihilated by the introduction of machinery, and poor Thornburn was driven to open a small grocery store, for subsistence to "Pheme" and himself. It was his practice to visit the butcher market at a late hour, that he might pick up a cheap morsel, and observing a man offering plants for sale in pots, and seemingly like himself, rather low in the world, Thornburn accosted him. He proved to be a countryman, an industrious, but rather unsuccessful market gardener, of the name of Inglis, from Kirkaldy; and from a sort of commiseration, Thornburn bought a rose geranium, intending to ornament his shop. At this time he hardly knew a geranium from a cabbage. Pleased with his purchase, when he got home he painted his pot a gay green, and placed it in his window. "And now," says he, when he told this story, with his eyes twinkling, "mark the kindness of Providence. The day after my geranium appeared in its new pot, a lady happening to drive past, remarked its beauty, and not only bought it at a handsome price, but gave me such orders as enabled me to open a busy trade with poor Inglis. My shop soon became more celebrated for plants than for tea and tobacco; and many inquiries having been made for garden-seeds, I procured an assortment, and gradually extended my concern until I reached the possession of the handsome premises and flourishing trade which I now enjoy."

BARBER'S SHOP.

This ancient craft, so generally degenerated in our own country, seems to be here in its very zenith. Innumerable are the parti-colored poles in every town, indicating the barber's shop, and the general practice being favorable to their calling, they are in great request. I observed in New York, one of the sides of the shop fitted up with pigeon holes, where stood the labelled soap-boxes of Mr. A. Mr. B., &c. indicating steady customers.—The steam-boats and large hotels have generally a barber as part of the establishment, and I found them every where maintaining the old professional character of civil, cleanly and obliging gossips.

We ought in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortune of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

GENIUS.—A man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.—Hume.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

From the Liverpool Times.

THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Whether the caricatures which represent a steam engine as flying like a balloon through the air, shall ever become any thing more than a caricature, may be doubted; but such has been the achievements of science and art within the last three quarters of a century, that it is really difficult to fix any limits to their future conquests. To justify us in pronouncing any thing impossible in machines, it ought to be in opposition to some law of nature, and not merely requiring an immense extent or difficult application of power. And so marvellous have been the inventions and discoveries, in every branch of science, and in all the arts, since the beginning of the last reign, that if they had been predicted in 1760, most men would have thought that the prophecy deserved to rank with the Arabian story of the erection of Aladdin's palace in a single night.

When the pack horse with his bell was the only means of conveying merchandise through the land, and when the carrier connected his string of horses along tracks always made to pass over the summits of the very highest hills, the vision of a modern mail coach glancing through our valleys, on roads nearly as smooth and level as a bowling green, and conveying goods and passengers at the rate of 11 or 12 miles an hour, would have been regarded as the work of some supernatural beings not clogged with the incumbrance of mortal clay. A man who should then have imagined that a distance of four hundred miles could have been performed in forty hours, without difficulty or danger, would have been thought worthy of a place among the philosophers of Laputa.

A spinner at his wheel, twisting and twirling the live-long day to make some paltry hanks of yarn, would have gazed at the interior of a modern spinning mill—where thousands of spindles are whirling with incredible velocity, moved by no power visible to the spectator—with a superstitious conviction that the whole was the work of unblest powers. To tell him that the force which moved the mighty apparatus of the factory was earthly, yet that it was neither the force of men or horses, neither the strength of torrent nor the piping winds of heaven, but nothing more or less than the steam of boiling water, would only have excited his indignation at the boldness of the imposture which it was attempted to palm upon him.

To show to one of those disorderly persons who return from the taverns after the hour of curfew, and who of old were wont to grouse through the Egyptian darkness of our streets to their own houses, the splendidly illuminated streets of London or Liverpool, he would be blinded with light, and fancy himself in the hall of Pandemonium, lit up by 'subtle magic,' with blazing crosses of naphtha and asphaltos. If he could understand that these brilliant stars of light proceeded from an invisible vapor, which circulated for miles under the streets, he would be only the more perfectly

convinced that he had gone prematurely into the lower world.

Since the invention of printing, the power of man to disseminate knowledge has been increased almost beyond calculation. Even within the last thirty years a prodigious augmentation has taken place in this power. Before the improvement of Earl Stanhope, from three to four hundred sheets per hour might be printed at the press; the steam press which now works the Times newspaper, prints four thousand sheets per hour, or more than a sheet per second. It may be easily proved, that to write by hand the number of newspapers circulated by the Times, daily, would require a million and a half of scribes, yet they are printed with ease by about two dozen men. Such is the effect of a skilful division of labor, that a debate of eight or ten hours' duration in the house of commons, may be fully and ably reported, printed, and published so as to be read in London within three or four hours after its termination, and sixty miles distant from the metropolis, before the speakers of the previous night have risen from their beds.

In navigation, as in printing, invention slumbered for centuries and then suddenly awoke in the wondrous steam vessel. Steam navigation is probably yet in its infancy, yet it has already effected an astonishing extension of intercourse between all parts of the British isles, the widely separated towns and territories of the United States, and several of the countries of Europe. It was not uncommon a dozen years ago, to wait in this port for days and weeks before a vessel could sail to Ireland, and often have vessels been detained in the channel days and even weeks by calm or adverse winds. By the packets we pass daily and with certainty in a single night from Liverpool to Dublin; and they operate as bridges connecting the sister island with England. Calms do not retard their flight over the waves; adverse tides and winds though they somewhat impede cannot arrest their progress. Instinct with power, 'they walk the waters like a thing of life.' By their aid the voyage to India will probably be made, ere many years have elapsed, scarcely a more formidable thing than a journey from London to Scotland was a century ago.

Such are a few of the most striking inventions and improvements of modern times. Yet invention is not exhausted. These seem to be but the commencement of an endless series; and the late experiments of locomotive carriages on our railway, give us quite a new idea of what science and art may yet do to quicken the transport of travellers and goods through the land. Though the idea of moving a carriage by mechanical power within it, is not absolutely new, yet it has never been successfully reduced to practice till our own day; animate power applied either externally or internally, has always been used for the purpose of locomotion. To place a steam engine on wheels, and to make it move both itself and an additional weight, was a bold conception; the first essays were clumsy, and unpromising, and even up to the present time a machine has never been seen in operation which was

calculated for the rapid conveyancing either of passengers or commodities.

The performance of the Rocket and the Novelty give a sudden spur to our drowsy imaginations, and make our ideas fly as fast as the machines themselves. These engines, with all their apparatus, skim over the earth at more than double the speed of the lightest and fastest mail, drawn by the swiftest blood horses and driven by the most desperate coachman over the smoothest roads in England. Upwards of thirty miles per hour! Let us see—at this rate we reach Manchester in an hour, Birmingham in three hours, London, Edinburgh, or Glasgow in six hours, and you glide along with bird-like speed with as little discomfort as if you were sitting in your arm chair, reading a volume of the Diamond Poets, without being disturbed by a single jolt; nay, I believe it would not be difficult to write. If the length of the journey made it worth while, I should expect to see rail road coaches fitted up with libraries and escrutoires; but it will soon be nearly useless to take up a book for so short a journey as one or two hundred miles.

But if a speed of thirty miles an hour has already been attained, what good reason is there that we should not in process of time accomplish sixty miles per hour? Nay, why should we stop there? I am not bold enough to anticipate the time when coaches will supersede the telegraph, but I may reasonably expect to see them leaving the carrier pigeon behind.

On a well constructed railway, like that between Liverpool and Manchester, there is less danger in moving at the rate of 30 miles per hour than there is in travelling at the rate of ten miles per hour on a turnpike road. On the railway there is not a single turn, and scarcely a single inequality; in these respects the engineer has boldly and wisely aimed at perfection; there is thereby incurred what may be deemed an extravagant expense. The chief sources of danger in travelling rapidly on turnpike roads are, first, hills, second turnings on the road; third, inequalities in the surface of the road; fourth, unruly horses. Not one of these exist on the railway; and therefore it is difficult to limit the speed at which we may travel with safety.

I have chosen a fertile theme, and must leave it unexhausted. It may afford me ample room for future speculations.

GOOD TEMPER.

Mr. Abauzit, a citizen of Geneva, venerable for a long life, devoted to study and the practice of every virtue, had never, it is said, been put out of temper. Some persons applied to his maid servant to ascertain if such was the fact. She had been thirty years in his service, and she declared that during that period she had never seen him give way to the slightest irritation. She was promised a sum of money if she could succeed in exciting him to anger. She consented to make the experiment, and knowing that he was particularly fond of sleeping comfortably, she omitted to make his bed. M. Abauzit perceived it, and the next morning mentioned it

to her; she replied that she had forgotten it. He said nothing more on the subject; in the evening she left the bed in the same state, it was again mentioned the next day, to which she replied with a pretended excuse, worse than the former. The third time he said to her, "You have again left my bed unmade: I suppose you have made up your mind not to do it, as you consider it too much trouble, well after all there is no harm done, for I begin to get used to it." She threw herself at his feet and confessed the truth.

BIOGRAPHY.

Marshal Soult.

SOULT, the Premier of the New French cabinet, is now nearly sixty-four years of age, having been born on the 19th of March, 1769. He is a native of St. Amand, in the Department of Tarn. He entered into the army as a private at 16 years of age, and had risen at the age of twenty-two to the employment of Military Instructor in the army of the Upper Rhine, under Marshal Luckner, with the rank of sub-lieutenant of Grenadiers. Within two months he was made adjutant-major and captain: This was in 1791. His next appointment was on the staff of Hoche, their commander-in-chief. In the same year he commanded a regiment under General Lefebvre, and distinguished himself so much in that station and his services under Jordan in the next year, that he was brevetted General of Brigade in 1794, then being but twenty-five years of age. At the battle of Alten Kirchen soon afterwards, he made that memorable defence and retreat which required him so much reputation. He had been despatched to the left of the army, with three battalions and one hundred and fifty cavalry. In the mean time a change of position had taken place, and he found himself surrounded by four thousand Austrian cavalry. Though repeatedly summoned to surrender, he rallied his forces and repulsed several general charges of the enemy, and finally carried his troops safely to rejoin the army. He also distinguished himself at the battle of Fleurus.

After the peace of Campo Formio, concluded by Bonaparte, Joubert was appointed to the new army of the Rhine, and Soult was appointed a General of Division, employed in suppressing the disturbances in Switzerland. He next served in Italy under Massenna, and was shut up with him in Genoa. Here it was that he first attracted the attention of Napoleon. Massenna was asked by Napoleon, who only knew Soult by report, what was his reputation: "For judgement and courage," replied Massenna, "he has no superior." The almost immediate issue of this recommendation was the appointment to the command of the army encamped at Boulogne, intended for the invasion of England. In 1804, at the age of thirty-five, he was created a Marshal of France.

Soult commanded the centre at the battle of Austerlitz. When Napoleon was giving his instructions he said to Soult, "as for you, act as you always do." It was on that occasion

that he delayed obeying the commands of the Emperor to attack the heights of Pratzen, until they had been repeated several times, and Bonaparte expressed indignation at his disobedience. "Tell the Emperor," replied Soult, "that I will obey, but not just now." He was watching the movements of the Russians, and when he did attack, the triumph was complete. Bonaparte, who had seen the manoeuvre, rode up to him, and in the presence of the whole staff, said, "Marshal, I esteem you the ablest tactician in my empire. After the battle of Eylau, he was created Duke of Dalmatia.

In 1808 he was sent into Spain, where he spent five years, with little success, yet having signalized himself by his courage and skill on several occasions. His first military duty was the pursuit of Sir John Moore, and when that distinguished officer fell at Corruna, Soult magnanimously paid funeral honors to his memory, and ordered a monumental inscription to be engraved on the rock near which he fell. He next invaded Portugal, where he was at first very successful, and made himself popular. When however, the Duke of Wellington moved against him, he was surprised at the passage of the Douro, and only escaped by the loss of Artillery and baggage. His retreat is considered by military men as a great military achievement. He continued with various success until he was recalled to join the Emperor in his Russian expedition. During his absence from Spain, the battle of Victoria was fought, in which the French were totally defeated by the Duke of Wellington, and Soult was remanded from Dresden to repair the disaster. He was twice repulsed from Pampeluna; driven after a terrible defence of two days, from his entrenched camp at Bayonne, again defeated at Orthez, and again in 1814, after publishing a proclamation in favor of Napoleon, then in the midst of his reverses, he was defeated under the wall of Thoulouse. He finally gave in, surrendered his command to the Duke of Angouleme, and gave his adhesion to Louis XVIII. who confirmed him in his titles and property, made him a General of Division, and in December, 1814, made him Minister of War.

On Bonaparte's return, Soult was made a Peer, and fought for him at Fleurus and Waterloo. On the second restoration, he was among the proscribed, and retired to the Dutchy of Berg, where he is said to have employed himself in writing his memoirs.

He received permission to return to France in 1819, and was made a Marshal again. In 1830, he joined with Louis Philippe, and his subsequent course to his appointment to the post of Prime Minister, is familiarly known.

Soult was undoubtedly one of the most able, as he was one of the most favored of Napoleon's Generals. He has been as remarkable for his prudence and judgment, as for his courage and military skill.

GRAND SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Extract of a letter from an American Naval Officer, now in Constantinople.

Under the kind auspices of Commodore Porter, to whose hospitable attentions we are

greatly indebted, we had a fine opportunity of seeing the Grand Sultan. It was in the field where he is in the habit, on certain days of the year, of practising at archery, and this being the day, we repaired to the field. The monarch soon arrived on horseback, surrounded by several members of his court. Observing us and being informed that we were Americans, he sent an officer to invite us nearer to the spot—an invitation which brought us within a few feet of his person. After a few shots from a few members of the court, he descended from his horse, and took the bow, which he drew with astonishing energy, for his third arrow—the last which he sped—went 856 yards. The distance is incredible, but we saw it measured, and could hardly be mistaken. It was nearly one hundred yards further than any of his predecessors had thrown the shaft. He gave the arrow to Mrs. Reed, and observed to us that this was one of their ancient customs, an amusement which he occasionally indulged in. He inquired of Commodore Porter, who had been ill, respecting his health, and observed to him and Captain Reed that he should be happy at seeing our men of war at Constantinople. He spoke in praise of a model of a ship which Mr. Eckford had just sent to his palace, and ordering us some mats invited us to be seated, and treated us to some excellent coffee and ice cream. His manner was very easy and affable, and nothing but the attention of those around, showed that we were in the presence of the Grand Sultan. We left soon after, having made as handsome a bow as lay in our power.

The Sultan appears to be about fifty years of age—his person is stately, with a muscular, firm-set formation. His eye is full of fire—his lips betray firmness—the prevailing expression of his countenance is indicative of care, fortitude and energy. His dress is simple. He wore a red cap, shaped precisely like a hat without its brim, with a blue tassel hanging from the centre of the crown. His coat was a blue roundabout, with a narrow, upright collar, and buttoned close about him. His pantaloons were of the same color, cut after our fashion, with narrow straps running under a square toed boot. His sword which hung easily at his side, had a gold scabbard, and a belt blazing with diamonds. His horse was a truly noble animal, and most richly caparisoned. The headstall of the bridle was studded with jewels, and the stirrups of the embroidered saddle were of massive gold. And a more splendid horseman than his majesty, thus mounted, I have never seen.

LALANDE.—This eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the French revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuits of his favorite science. When he was asked to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered, "I may thank my *stars* for my preservation."

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for the gout?" queried an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day and earn it!" was the pithy reply.

Miscellaneous Extracts.

CIVILIZATION.—A traveller described the sad catastrophe of being cast away with a few companions upon an unknown shore. "After walking several miles," said he, "in a dreary and desolate country, just as we were giving ourselves over to despair, we espied a gibbet with a man hanging upon it, a sight so very promising could not fail to raise our spirits, as we were convinced that we were now coming into a civilized part of the world."

THE HUNGRY ARAB.—An Arab was once lost in the desert. For two days he found nothing to eat, and was about to die of hunger. Fortunately he hit upon one of the wells which lie on the tracks across the desert; and whilst assuaging his thirst, found a little leather bag upon the sand. "God be praised," he said, as he lifted it, "these I think must be dates or nuts; how reviving they will be!" With these sweet anticipations, he opened and looked into the sack and exclaimed in a mournful tone "Alas! they are nothing but pearls."

A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, a short time since, his favorite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him, that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

CHINESE PROVERBS.—A woman that is never spoken of, is most praised. Modesty is female courage. A girl that frequently blushes, knows why. Women's tongues are swords that never rust. While cooks disagree, every thing cooks or burns. Conscience is the truest looking-glass. When we stumble, our foot is faultless.

BURNS.—He was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; and Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy sad soul. He will be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He goes away heavy loaded, and thou must bear half.

He is never in a good humor, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

Education.

What is the object of education? To form the character. How is this to be done? Not by lessons, but principally through the influence of example, and circumstances and situation. How soon is the child to be exposed to these influences? From the moment it opens its eyes and feels the pressure of its mother's bosom—from that time it becomes capable of noticing what passes around it, and knowing the difference of one thing from another. So powerful are the gradual and unnoticed influences of these early months, that the infant, if indulged or humored, may grow into a petty tyrant at ten months old, and tottle about in two years, selfish, discontented, that every one but the mother turns from in disgust. During this period, every human being is making his first observations and acquiring his first experience; passes his early judgments, forms opinions, acquires habits. They may be ingrained into their characters for life. Some right and some wrong notions may take firm hold, and some impressions, good or bad, may sink so deep as to be with scarcely any force eradicated. There is no doubt but that many of those incurable crookednesses of disposition which we attribute to nature would be found, if they could be traced, to have originated in the early circumstances of life; just as a deformed or stunted tree, not from any natural perversity of seed from which it sprung, but from the circumstances of the soil and situation under which it grew.—*Journal of Education.*

MODERN DICTIONARY.

ACCOMMODATION.—Exchanging "promises to pay" with your friend, and making him pay seven per cent. for the use of yours.

HEART.—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

HOUSEWIFERY.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practiced only by the "lower orders."

WEALTH.—The most respectable quality of man.

VIRTUE.—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

HONOR.—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you dispise and hate.

MARRIAGE.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

FRIEND.—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

DOCTOR.—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A kind of hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

WATER.—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

TRAGEDIAN.—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion, for so much a night.

CRITIC.—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

YOUNG ATTORNEY.—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

KING'S EVIDENCE.—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

SENSIBILITY.—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

MY DEAR.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

SCHOOL KEEPING.

The business of school keeping is becoming a regular profession in our country, as much so as divinity, law or medicine. Seminaries are founded expressly for the purpose of training young men for this business. The most distinguished of these, says the Weekly Messenger, is the Seminary for Teachers at Andover, Ms. Rev. S. R. Hall is Principal. Three years is the time allotted to prepare for entering regularly on the business of instructing.

Connected with the Seminary for Teachers is a General Department or Model School. By a Catalogue published a short time since, it appears that the number who were studying the profession of Teachers was forty-five and the number in the Model School was 80.—*Ladies' Mirror.*

During the four first months of 1832, there were granted in the United States, 210 patents.

* It is said that the three great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, are about to put down lotteries.

The Farmer and Mechanic, of Cincinnati, avers that a chesnut tree, in Derby, Delaware County, Ohio, is 32 feet 7 inches in circumference, at the height of three feet from the ground.

A Spanish brig with 304 slaves on board, has lately been captured near Cuba, and sent into Havanna.

LOQUACITY.—There is nothing disposes a man to a multitude of words so much as slight and superficial notions of the things he is talking of.

JEALOUSY.—When one is conscious of his own crimes or infirmities, he is jealous of every approach towards a discovery, and often makes one by it.

A rich man proposed to a covetous, greedy wretch, to make him a present of fifty pounds if he would let him beat him to death. The miser mused upon it for a long time; at last raising his head, 'No,' says he, 'give £25, and beat me till I'm half dead. What do you say?'

LITERARY CABINET.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, MARCH 2, 1833.

New Subscribers.

As we intend printing a considerable number of extra copies of the Cabinet, all new subscribers can be supplied from No. 1.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

To have to sit for an hour with pen in hand, endeavoring to give a "local habitation and a name," to some fragment of a thought, while the compositor is waiting for "copy," is one of the thousand trying circumstances, which beset the life of an editor. And this is only one of a thousand. Some are less—others, more trying still. Is the honor of the station, a sufficient recompense? No. Every one of the tribe, from Dan to Bersheba, will answer—No!

The only remedy for us, in the present emergency—for the editorial department must not be left vacant—is, to dress up a few cast-off articles, and give them to the reader as new coin. We give them under the title of

FRAGMENTS.

I.

There is one fashion, which, unlike all others, never changes. It is that of writing Prefaces to books. No author dare to perpetrate a book upon the world, without setting apart from ten to fifty of its pages to a preface. All prefaces, however, have their objects. First, to tell the reader that there is a great vacuum in the literary world, which said book exactly fills; and, secondly, the advantages that are likely to result to mankind, from the promulgation of said book. This latter is quite as necessary, in some cases, as it was for the painter to write underneath the picture of a horse which he had painted, the words—"This is a horse."

II.

We recollect of reading in an item of foreign news, that a motion was about to be made in the British Parliament, to extend the right of suffrage so as to allow females to vote for members of Parliament. This is the true principle of Reform. We have long considered the withholding from the other sex this invaluable right, to be only a relict of barbarism. It is a matter of some considerable surprise, that the other sex should so long have submitted to this usurpation without murmuring. Man, from the earliest stages of society, and from the time of the first existence of political compacts has ever looked upon woman as entirely unfit for self-government. But can custom change a wrong to a right? Is custom to be the basis of our civil polity?

'Weak the excuse that is on custom built;

'The use of sinning lessens not the guilt.'

Woman is equally interested with ourselves in the affairs of government. She suffers with us from misrule and mal-administration. Then, why exclude her from a participation in national affairs? Why take from her that right, which he, who calls himself her lord, holds so dear, and will not suffer to be wrested from him?

III.

Who has not seen that the press—which has been very properly termed the palladium of liberty—is becoming more and more corrupt—that its

influence is lessening—that its power is on the wane. That it is losing ground in the estimation of the people, is mainly to be attributed to its conductors. It is daily made an engine of party abuse, and private personal quarrels. Thus becoming the instrument of evil, the public confidence is shaken. That mighty engine, which has so often been exerted in holding up the deformity of vice to the public gaze, in defending virtue and innocence, and in proclaiming the principles of liberty, is now become in a manner powerless.

IV.

To wipe a strolling tear from sorrow's cheek,
Or smooth a brow, withered—not by age—
But by stern misfortune's blasting power,
Has more of glory—more true, honest fame,
Than to have conquer'd cities, led armies
Forth to battle, or slain ten thousand foes.
Yet strange it is—He who sheds seas of blood,
And scatters fire and sword with fury round,
Or desolates a nation or a realm,
Is honored most; his name is borne afar
On wings of fame, as though his bloody deeds
Were truly great.

V.

The misanthrope dooms himself to solitude.
He is solitary not because alone. In the midst of society, and surrounded by beings with whom he might hold intercourse, he walks alone. He treads the gay and rosy pathway, as if it were a dreary wilderness. He looks upon the flowery landscape as the work of a demon, and thinks only of the sharp thorns that lie hid beneath their leaves. Unacquainted with the delights which society affords, he asks not the protection it yields, nor wishes to partake of its benefits. The rightful abode for such a being, is the dark recesses of the mountain glen, or some dreary wilderness, far from the haunts of mankind.

DEAF AND DUMB.—A number of deaf and dumb youth are supported at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in Hartford, (Conn.) by the Legislature of Massachusetts. On Wednesday last, eight pupils of the Asylum, were exhibited to the legislature, by Mr. Weld, the Principal of the Institution. One of them, when he was asked, why do you stand here? wrote upon his slate,—"That we may show the legislature, and through them the people of the State, that their appropriations have not been misapplied."

Mr. Weld explained the way in which they are taught. They come to the Asylum generally, without knowing the name of anything, or the meaning of any word, and are usually unable to make a letter. But some of these pupils who had been only a year and a half in the Asylum, could write very well, and understand a great many words.

At the State House, they wrote on slates, and on two black boards, which were large enough to be seen by all the spectators. After making the letters by their fingers to show the *manual alphabet*, one wrote a list of verbs, another of adjectives, another of adverbs, another of prepositions, another of abstract nouns, &c. more correctly than many persons can, who hear and speak. Then they wrote sentences including these words. On the word *knowledge*, one wrote, 'I love to acquire knowledge,' and

another, 'Knowledge in the United States is power.'

Mr. Weld showed the legislature how words are explained by signs, and he made the signs for several sentences, which the pupils wrote correctly. They generally wrote a very good clean hand, and spelled very correctly.

A few questions were asked them. One was, 'Who was George Washington?' to which a pupil wrote in answer—"He was the first president of the United States, and was very kind and good." Another—"He was the good President of the United States." An older pupil was asked, 'What is eternity?' He answered; 'It is a something like time, but has no end like time.'

Two of these pupils then told stories by signs (gestures and looks) so well, that it was easy for any one to understand some parts. One was the story of Paul and Silas in prison, and the terror of the jailor was imitated very exactly. We have no room to describe many other interesting things which were done, and can only add, that the large audience appeared much interested and gratified, for the two hours during which this exhibition lasted.—*Rambler.*

At the late anniversary of the Typographical Society in Philadelphia, the Nullifiers are technically hit off in the following Toast.

The Union—A capital form of Government, having no || in the history of nations—may a new § in the Constitution, put a . to the foul attempt to erase a * from our country's banner: otherwise a † will be planted in our reputation, which will cause the ☞ of scorn to be pointed at us. Let the American Press so ‡ the infamy of Southern Nullifiers, that neither the influence of British £s, nor the loss of American \$s, will induce any citizen to resist his country's laws. If one drop of blood is spilled in the cause of disunion, may the ambition of its movers receive such a ° of exaltation that they may be cut short by the em — of a hempen cord.

A newspaper is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with it we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance: though to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider that the present, likewise, will be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.

EVENING.

When Eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!
Not softer on the western wave
The golden lines of sunset flow.

Then all, by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye:
The few we lik'd, the one we lov'd!
And the whole heart is memory.
Croley.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind:
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.—*Burns.*

POETRY.

THE FARMER.

Sweet is the Farmer's sleep!
Sweet, if by toil he earns his bread;
He knows not half the cares and dread;
Which agitate the weak man's mind,
And make him watch and weep:
But casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the Farmer's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams,
No tantalizing scenes of wealth
Mock him, possessed of ease and health,
He fears no murderers, storms, nor fire,
The weak man's mighty themes;
But innocence and peace inspire
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Light by his slumbers as a cloud,
Reflected by a noon-day sun,
On wings of light is borne;
No head-ache veils in mantle dun,
The Farmer's happy morn.

O bless my sweet repose!
When toil invites my limbs to rest,
May no false horrors harm my breast,
Breathe thro' my lips thy kindest dream,
My willing eye-lids close,
And as the Farmer seems,
Be such my sound repose.

The Wife.

The following lines were written under the print of
a monument, bearing the words—"To a Wife."

I knew her when a playful girl,
With sunny cheek and brow—
Her flowing hair and glossy curl
I well remember now.

For her I plucked the sweetest flower—
The earliest of the fruit,
And sought rich shells upon the shore,
To string upon her lute.

I saw her when the simple days
Of childhood all were o'er—
As unaffected in her ways,
And perfect as before!

She was the brightest gem I met
Within the halls of mirth;
And every feature was so sweet,
I deemed her not of earth.

Next I beheld her with a wreath
Of fairest flowers allied;
And brilliant sparkling bright beneath,
As if she were a bride.

Her fairy form and buoyant air
Bespoke a spirit free—
And graceful as the gossamer
She passed away from me.

I saw her next in holy hour
Float up the sacred aisle,
And with the faithless kneel before
The altar for a while.

I saw the priest, the book, the ring,
And heard the vow they spake!
I knew he did a heartless thing,
And vow'd not to forsake.

With hasty steps I saw her go
In splendor to her home—
Without a shade of present woe,
Or fear for time to come.

But oh, the change! Her laughing eye
Retained its lustre not—
For he who shared her destiny
Became a loathsome sot!

I left her and sought fortune's hand
In places far away—
But dream'd of her—a pearl in sand;
A jewel broken—cast away.

I came again—my heart was rent;
She was not then in life!
I only found a Monument
Engraven—"To A Wife."

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THOMAS GREGG,
Editor of the Literary Cabinet,
St. Clairsville, Ohio.

✂—Editors with whom we exchange, will con-
fer a favor by copying the above.

TIGHT LACING.—"I think this practice is
a great public benefit," said a gentleman. "A
great public benefit, why, how can that be;
do you not see that a great many of our young
ladies are ruining their healths, and losing
their lives by it?" "Yes, yes," returned the
other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see
that it kills off only the *fools*, and we shall have
all wise ones by and by!"

If you would have a faithful servant, and one
that you like, serve yourself.—*Franklin.*

The only disadvantage of an honest heart
is credulity.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

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